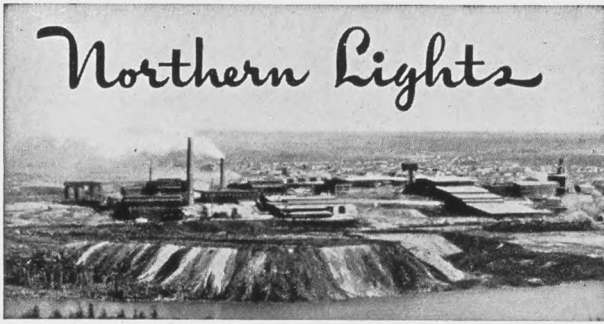




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Northern Lights
MARCH 1950 VOL. 9 NO. 1





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GEORGE MAINWARING, Editor

VOL. 9

MARCH, 1950

No. 1

Youth Opportunity and Security

IT might be said that those who are young are little concerned with security. Youth has a calm assurance that all that is needed is opportunity, and that given opportunity the security will take care of itself. Those who are older are less concerned with opportunity, and give deeper thought to security for retirement years. The truth of the matter is, however, that in a foresighted industrial organization security and opportunity go hand in hand.

An employee whose ambition is fostered by the knowledge that there is opportunity for his advancement; whose fear of insecurity for himself or his family is allayed by the knowledge that in sickness, in the event of death, or in retirement, he has an assured financial position—such an employee is a happier and more valuable person than one whose mind is clouded with worry because he does not have these guarantees. He is able to make full use of his energies and abilities to qualify himself for better positions and in these he will do a better job. Such conditions reflect to the advantage of both employer and employee and help make the latter a better citizen.

In our organization we have men of all ages. It has been said that life begins at

sixty, and that up to that time a man is sort of horsin' around trying to find out where he is going to fit in until retirement age. There are many who are inclined to discount an employee's ability after reaching three score—after sixty years of wrestling with the world one way or another. After all, the pitfalls along those sixty birthdays from the follies of youth, the problems of raising a family, the soberness of that past-forty maturity, the industrial struggle, cannot be passed over lightly. The youth and endurance of twenty are matched with the experience of the sixty-year-old specimen as the latter nestles in maturity and thinks before it acts.

At twenty the youngster is inclined to belittle the oldster with thin hair and crowsfeet in the corner of his eyes—signs and examples of a busy life—and looks at him with a tolerant attitude. At forty the quasi-oldster flirts with the one with a sixty-year span and starts asking questions. At fifty the person begins to realize his own position and is eager to cultivate this sixty-year-old individual with sound philosophy, unbiased opinions, strong convictions and modest habits. What one lacks at sixty is more than balanced by poise, depth of reason, assurance and broad prospective, infiltrated into his mind and body through waves of contact on the sea of life. There are times when we must let youth take his chances and watch him and admire his self-confidence, energy and enthusiasm as he undertakes problems that make older men tremble.

Youth is not a time—it is a state of mind. Nobody grows old by simply living a number of years; people grow old only by deserting their ideals. Years wrinkle the skin, but to give up enthusiasm wrinkles the soul. Worry, doubt, self-distrust, fear, and despair—these are the long, long years that bow the head.

We are as young as our faith, as old as our doubt; as young as our self-confidence and as old as our fear; as young as our hope and as old as our despair.



Al. O'Hara.



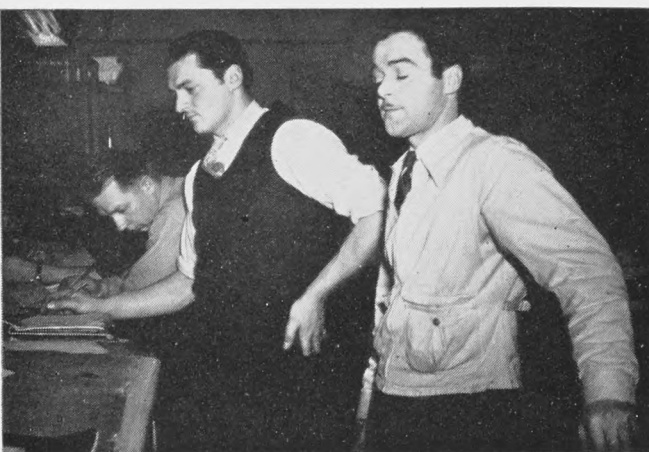
Pat Martin and Bill Ward.



Dick Bailey and Johnny McDougal.



Fred Soltys and Fred Sanson.



Don Creed, Joe Warick and John Perry.

MINE DEPARTMENT

R. G. ASH



THE Mine Curling Bonspiel was an event this winter big enough to attract 264 active participants and at least 400 more miners as on-lookers.

The Mine Underground Sports Association, an organization composed of about 20 men who are greatly interested in seeing that the Mine Dept. is kept active in local sports, sponsored the 'spiel. One of the most important jobs is lining up the prizes, and the Prize Committee did a very good job. From the Liddicoat Detachable Bit Co. we received four electric razors; from the Wheel Trueing Diamond Drill Bit Co., \$100 in cash, which was spent locally for prizes; 4 first-aid kits from Mine Safety Appliances; 4 Ronson lighters from the Longyear Diamond Drill Co.; 4 tams and fobs from the Ingersoll-Rand Drills, while the Sports Association put in enough money to bring the total value of the prizes up to about \$450.00. Prizes are always an attraction but we believe there was sufficient interest in our 'spiel that the majority of the fellows would have been satisfied to win jack-knives so long as they were able to beat their opponents and get to the top.

Play started at 9.00 a.m. the first Sunday of the 'spiel and kept going steadily until almost midnight.

Rinks entering the fours in the Main Event were skipped by Bob McDowell, Bert Graves, Jack Bettridge and Gordie Syms. In the Consolation we saw Pete Dutcawich beating Stew Crerar and the rink skipped by Arnold Nowasad winning a close game from George Muggaberg.

At nine o'clock the rink was jammed for the final games. The foursome of Bob McDowell, Henry St. Godard, Bob Annand and Al O'Hara beat Bert Graves, Al Maloney, Ivan Armstrong and Bill McArthur on the last rock in the Main Event. In the Consolation the Dutcawich rink, composed of Pete Dutcawich, Bill Prokop, A. Bilsky and Walter Redman, had the honor of winning over the rink composed of Arnold Nowasad, Don Day, Stanley Wasylenko and Jim Atkinson.



64 RINKS ENTERED

THE MINE BONSPIEL IN JANUARY





*Humboldt
scores!*

COMMUNITY CLUB

R. G. ASH



THE directors of the Flin Flon Community Club are very happy to report that their long-sought objective of 2,000 members has been reached and passed, the membership of today being about 2,010.

The general trend towards a better feeling and increased membership in the club started in the spring of 1945 when the directors devoted their energies to all the people of our community instead of concentrating their efforts on a few and limiting their program to the uptown areas, as had been done previously. The directors, who at that time consisted of Bud Simpson, Jack Allen, Bob Ash, Howard McIntosh, Bill Kirkwood and Bud Jobin, saw the membership raised from 746 to almost 1,200. This large increase was partially due to old employees returning to their jobs after serving in the armed services. From 1946 to January 1950 the increase in membership has been continuous, averaging about 200 a year. In 1946 Bud Jobin was elected president of the club and during his reign many of the present policies of the club were inaugurated. He served in this capacity for 3 years. Howard McIntosh, the club secretary-treasurer, has been on this job for 8 years. Pinkie Davie, the club manager, has been engaged by the club for the past 7 years. Other directors of the club since 1945 have been Bob Coombs for 2 years, Johnny Mulhall, Bill Barker, and Dr. B. Biggs for 3 years; Jim Bettridge, Bill Saul,

Hec McCaig, Jim McFarlane, Bert McAree and Eddie Longmore for one year each.

A great deal of the credit for the recent success of the club lies in the branch clubs, all of whom have executives of their own and pretty well run their own business. The parent body offer financial aid to any worthwhile project and provide buildings and fields in which to meet and play.

The Junior Bombers, under the coaching of Alex Schibicky, made a very impressive showing and losing out to Prince Albert Mintos in the final for the Saskatchewan championship. Minor hockey has also been going strong both at the Main Arena and outdoor rinks with 6 teams in the Midget A, 4 teams in Midget B, 3 in Juvenile and 6 teams in the Pee Wee league. The extreme cold weather of anything between 20 and 40 below for 5 weeks without a single day's break was a tough one for the outdoor league.

Curling records were again broken in every division. Men's steady rinks totalled 123 Uptown and 63 at Ross Lake. Ladies, 38 Uptown and 18 at Ross Lake. High School rinks curled Saturdays at both rinks. Hundreds of other people played 2 or 3 games in different 'spiels.

The Figure-skating Club, with its very fine clubrooms, also had a record membership of 251. Two professionals were on hand this past winter: E. G. Leonard returned for his third season here. Georgina Flock was assistant professional until she was injured and her place taken by Jean Chlan.



The new golf course is nearing completion.



Greens are rapidly approaching perfection.



The Bombers reached the finals for the Saskatchewan championship, but lost to Prince Albert Mintos.



Trainer Marshall with Pylvach and Sage

Some noted curling enthusiasts.



The Canadian Legion ^{OF THE} British Empire Service League

C. C. SETTERINGTON

Welcome Our New Manager

CDE. Allan "Duke" Errington arrived here on January 10th to assume the Secretary-Manager's post in our Branch. He comes from Fort Rouge Branch No. 97 in Winnipeg, where he has been associated in the capacity of Manager for some time past.

For the general information of the members it might be mentioned that Cde. Errington saw service overseas in the last unpleasantness with the Royal Canadian Artillery. While attempting to get to North Africa, in 1943, his ship was "fished" and after spending some time on a Charley float was picked up and returned to England. He subsequently served some time in France.

The "Duke" and Mrs. Errington have a son and daughter and it is his intention to bring the family to Flin Flon as soon as suitable housing accommodation is available.

Allan "Duke" Errington.



Drop around to the hall, comrades, and get acquainted with Cde. Errington. He'll want to know you and you'll be glad to know him. So let's show him that he has our individual support and that we are behind him in his efforts to make a success of the operation and activities of the Branch.

* * *

At the regular general meeting of January 23rd, Cde. W. W. B. Lockhart, Past President and ex-secretary of the Branch and past member of the Provincial Council, was presented with a Life Membership in recognition of 15 years devoted service to the Legion in general and our own Branch in particular.

Ladies' Auxiliary

Installation of officers for 1950 took place at the regular meeting on January 16th with Cde. J. VanDeventer, 1st Vice-President, conducting the ceremony. Officers installed were as follows:

Past President—Mrs. L. V. Vanderwal.
 President—Mrs. May Spiers.
 1st Vice-President—Mrs. Jack Davies.
 2nd Vice-President—Mrs. W. McNab.
 Treasurer—Mrs. T. Lyon.
 Secretary—To be appointed.
 Marshall—Mrs. A. C. Heiliger.
 Warden—Mrs. K. Einarson.

Executive—Mrs. E. J. White, Mrs. W. A. Luck, Mrs. A. E. Mills, Mrs. V. J. Longmore, Mrs. R. M. Locker.

The meeting reported that 20 food parcels, weighing 391 pounds, had been sent overseas during the past year. This is a mighty fine effort and will be much appreciated by the recipients.

A report showed that the Auxiliary

made three contributions to the Branch totalling the fine sum of \$200.00. Needless to say the Branch received this donation with much pleasure and extend their sincere thanks to the ladies for their fine effort in this respect.

Quiz Show and Waltz Night

This popular feature is held every Friday evening in the hall and the Quiz itself is broadcast over C.F.A.R. between 9.30 and 10.30 p.m. Four bits admission seems like a good investment for an evening's fun and a chance to hit the jackpot if you are called to the mike and can give with the right answer. Like "How long did the 100 years war last?" or "How much does a 3c stamp cost?" Or some similar brain buster.

The show appears to have a good "Hooper" rating as far as the radio audience is concerned; in fact so successful that it is now being sponsored. We understand that our genial George Vale, who has been emceeing this program from the start, is leaving shortly for Montreal where he has accepted a position as sports announcer with a new radio station in that city. George will be greatly missed and we wish him best of luck in his new venture.

Legionettes Basketball Club

Our Legionettes Basketball Team, twice winner of the Manitoba Junior Championship, is getting set to defend the title, and in all probability will be going to Winnipeg about the middle of March for this series.

The kids came up with a great idea of raising funds to help defray their expenses. An exhibition hockey game was played on January 11th between the Junior Bombers and the Old-time Bombers, which the latter won by a score of 5-3. This game brought back memories of former Bomber greatness and proved the old-timers still have a lot of hockey "know-how" left in them.

Over \$300.00 was raised from proceeds of the game and the Legionettes are sincerely desirous of expressing their appreciation to players and fans alike for their fine support.

The current team is captained by Joan Barr and is virtually the same as last year, excepting two players now in Winnipeg. Cde. Hec. McCaig, perennial coach and manager, is mighty proud of the girls as well he might be. So here's best wishes, Legionettes, for good shooting in a successful defense of your Junior Girls' title.

LAST POST

Comrade W. A. "Bill" Saul
March 1st, 1950

Every individual has a place to fill in the world, and is important in some respect, whether he chooses to be so or not.

* * *

A person with an hour to kill usually wants to spend it with someone who hasn't.

* * *

During the night two burglars entered the bank. One approached the safe, sat down on the floor, took off his shoes and socks and started to turn the dial of the safe with his toes.

"What's the matter?" said his pal. "Let's open this thing and get out of here."

"Naw it'll only take a minute longer and we'll drive them fingerprint experts nuts."

Employees wishing to have their copies of Northern Lights bound may come under the group plan whereby a cheaper rate is obtained. Please bring in your copies as soon as possible, and not later than April 15th.



Jimmy Aplin.



Kitchen, Cross, Dill, and Adams.



H. Sutton, Thompson, Smith, and Douglas.

ELECTRICAL DEPARTMENT

D. M. McRAE

WHEN you take a look at the pictures on these pages you will get a slight idea of the activities engaged in by our Department. But they are just a few sidelines while we mix up some work and wait for the golf season to open up.

Here you see pictures of visitors and a lot of our own regulars. Some could possibly be classed as right out of the top drawer while others are quite content to be in the second or third drawers according to their viewpoint. For instance, we have Mr. Wm. Dill, of Salt Lake City, who, when not otherwise engaged, erects turbines for the General Electric Co., and after having done this job for years he is certainly no push-over as far as turbines are concerned. Then we had Mr. J. W. Smith, of Winnipeg. He also draws a monthly stipend from the "Generous" Electric. He sells various gadgets, and does a very good job of it; while in town on his last visit he gave our members a lecture on the new Mercury Arc Rectifiers which are gradually being installed in the Zn. Substation. These machines are guaranteed to do practically everything but

pile the finished product in the warehouse.

There is a cute little contraption on these rectifiers known as the igniter, and on one job where they kept a diligent count of the action of this igniter, Mr. Smith claims it fired twenty million times without changing the flint. You must admit that is some record, also some count.

We also had lantern slides and everything at this lecture, and during the question period our own Arthur Pickworth asked "Where did the negative current go to?" Now, folks, the correct answer to that one as shown in Webster's famous book and Hoyle's Rules, etc., is "Who Cares?" especially as Mr. Einstein, Pat O'Neal and several other helpers of more or less undoubted ability, have been looking for this elusive current for years. So if any of you have the answer to this \$64 question, just drop it in the suggestion box as you go by.

If you look closely at the picture of Messrs. Dill, Cross and Kitchen, you will be able to see Jake Adams. We were in a specially good mood the day that picture

J. S. Smith, C.G.E., and assorted electricians.

Electricians' banquet.

Wives and sweethearts.





Frank Stewart, Gordon Gadd,
Gordon Watt.



Walter Goy, Elmer Booth, Herb Kitchen,
Ken Ransom.



Ralph Adams, Cliff Henry, Ed Saxbee and Joe Fric.

was taken, so stuck in Jake for good measure. As you no doubt know, he is head man at the Power House.

Our Mixed Bowling league finished up eventually, as most things generally do. Wally Warnick and his cohorts beat out Frankie Stewart's gang by 37 pins to win the championship. Other prize winners were Mrs. Ted McInnis, who rang the foul line bell most often; Mrs. Wallace, who wore out the ditch, but received a special mention from the pin-setters; and Hugh Wallace's team beat all comers for high hand-drops. There were a lot of other prizes but I can't just remember all the sad details. These prizes were all presented at a gala dinner held in the Legion Hall and put on by our Social Security Club, whose hard working executive deserves a lot of thanks for a grand evening. Our genial Superintendent, Mr. G. F. Cross, opened the festivities with a very wise speech (who wrote it for him is still a mystery), but it was good. We also had Mr. Strathdee, of Carbon Brush fame, and Miss Yvonne Cross from Island Falls as visitors, and a lot of entertainers, to wit: Miss Betty Ramsay and Mr. Jock Dunbar, and our own Barber Shop Quartet composed of Messrs. Goodmanson, Wallace,

Oliphant and Warren, and when you hear these boys you have practically heard everything excepting maybe Muggy singing "When My Baby Smiles At Me." We also helped "Shorty," Henry and Jack Killoh celebrate their birthdays at this party and that alone is something.

Things happen all the time in this department. Just the other night a frantic housewife phoned her dearly beloved that a burglar was running around amongst the heirlooms in the basement, and did he stop to ponder or call the constabulary? No! not this brave knight errant. He just grabbed his trusty sword in one hand and his pea-shooter in the other and charged to the fray just like the famous "600". Cannon to the right of them and no doubt to the left of them "right into the jaws of death." But, alas, it was only the family cat playing around on the linoleum floor. Just bouncing back and forth.

Our bonspiel was a real success, sixteen rinks all told. Several good games were played, especially one by Jack Killoh when he played Mr. Cross. However, we did have a bonspiel and we even have pictures to prove it. Russ Milton's rink won the Main Event and Muggy's aggregation looked after the Consolation.

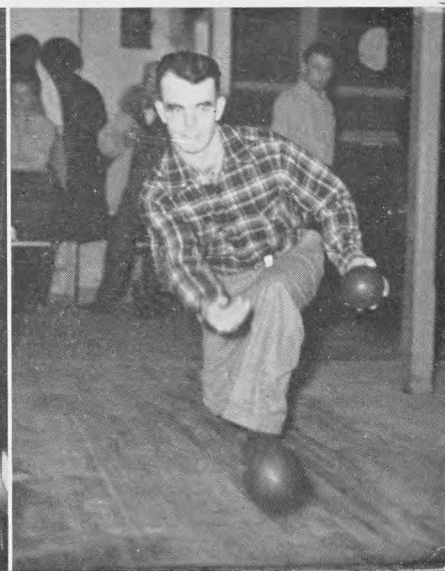
Norman Rudd, Ruth Winkler, Mrs. Frank
Stewart and Frank.



Wally and Mrs. Warnick, Mrs. Dowler and Len.



Frank Stewart, near champ.



THE CANADIAN OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP DOG RACE

THE Hudson Bay Mining & Smelting Co., Limited, trophy, emblematic of the Canadian Dog Race Championship, was won this year by Laird Ouellette of The Pas after a gruelling race of 144 miles to Cranberry Portage and return. The 37-year-old father of five children brought his seven dogs across the finishing line a scant 50 yards ahead of Jack Heard. It had been neck and neck for the last 35 miles. Jean Baptiste Merasty of Lac du Brochet finished in third place.

In a state of near collapse, Oullette staggered across the line dragging his team by the lead dog, it being almost impossible to force a passage through the dense crowd which closed in on him at the last moment. Heard carried two of his dogs which had played out on Goose Lake.

Laird Oullette is a railway fireman whose hobby is dog racing. Jack Heard is a game warden, while Baptiste Merasty is a native from 300 miles north who uses dogs on his trap line.

Congratulations, Laird Oullette!



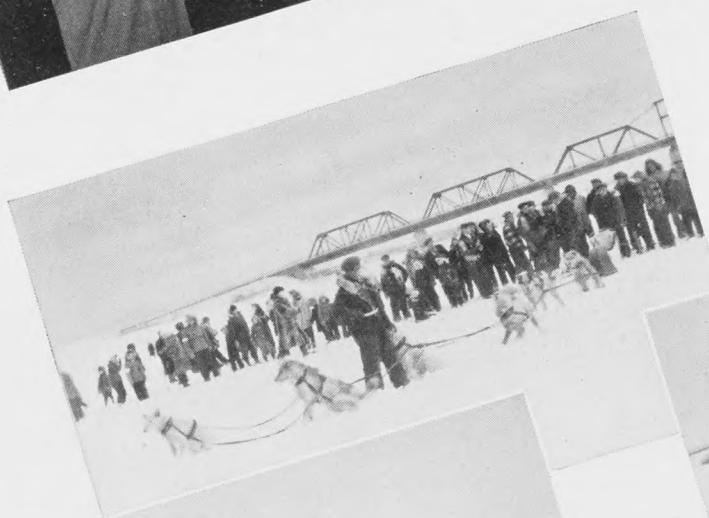
*Laird Oullette,
1950 champion.*



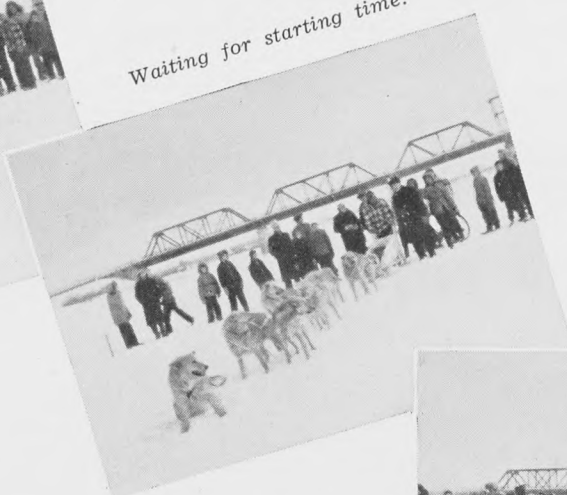
*The banks of the historic
Saskatchewan.*



*Crowds started to gather an hour before
the start.*



Waiting for starting time.





They're off on the 144 mile grind.



The winner drags his dogs across the finishing line at set of sun.



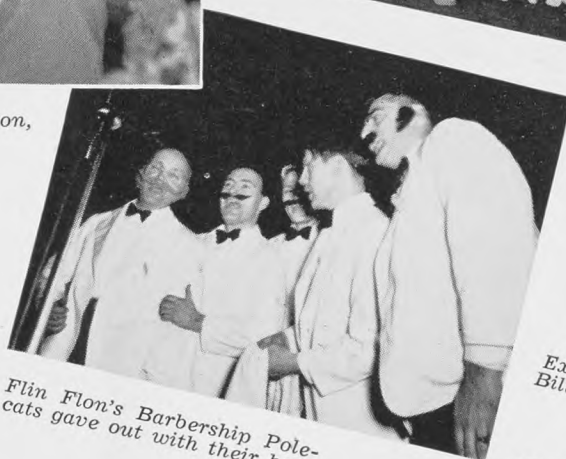
The Queen, Noreen Snowdy, with Princess Joyce Guymer of Flin Flon.



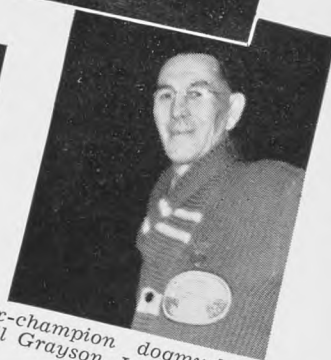
The Queen, Miss Sherridon, is crowned.



This chap ran 50 yards on snowshoes, skinned and stretched muskrat, and returned to starting point in just over one minute.



Flin Flon's Barbership Polecats gave out with their best.



Ex-champion dogmusher Bill Grayson, Island Falls.

The town of The Pas celebrated in true northern style.



The Queen and her Court greet the winner.



The boys gave Tom a hearty send-off to the Scottish Curling Games.



The famous Howat right-hand delivery. This should confuse the Scotsmen.

MILL AND CRUSHER

J. S. McDONALD



THE first of the Mill and Crusher crew to try out the new highway were Ken Hanson and C. J. Primeau. They took off on their long change and drove to Winnipeg and back.

Hugh Munro and E. Grandison drove to Brandon for Christmas.

The Mill square draw got off to a late start this year with the draws being called for Ross Lake rink. The entry is not as big this year as last, but from all reports the competition is pretty keen.

Johnny Hume and Ted Chester put in a short spell in the hospital this winter, but are back on the job good as ever.

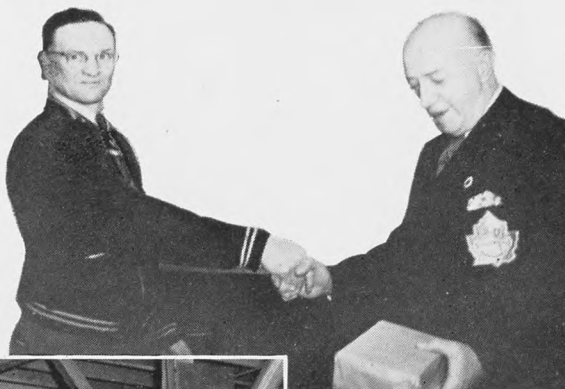
The Mill Recreation Club Kiddies' Christmas tree was again a big success. "Santa Buck" said he never saw so many kids. They ranged all the way from one year to 50.

We noticed a few more of the boys sporting new cars since last fall, namely, Del Davis, Joe Gurba, Ken Hanson and E. Grandison.

Frank Guymer is back with us for the winter after another summer on the prospecting gang.

Taking in the Dauphin 'Spiel are O. Snelgrove, Bill Croft, J. McFarlane and Mac. McCrimmon.

We are eagerly awaiting the return of our renowned old-timer Tom Howat, whom, we hear, did himself proud in the land of the heather. As a member of the group of Canadian curlers who went to Scotland in December, we expect to learn not only of his curling prowess, with which we are fully acquainted, but with what success he met in his exploration of the sources from which comes the finest whisky in the world.



Tom set up a replica of his famous eight-ender of years ago.

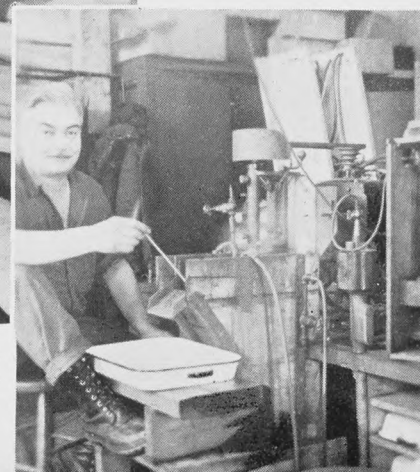


Percy Dixon of Research is on Mill Lab. work.



Wilf Burrows presents Tom with a token of appreciation.

Luther Hendrickson, also of Research, on Mill Lab. work.





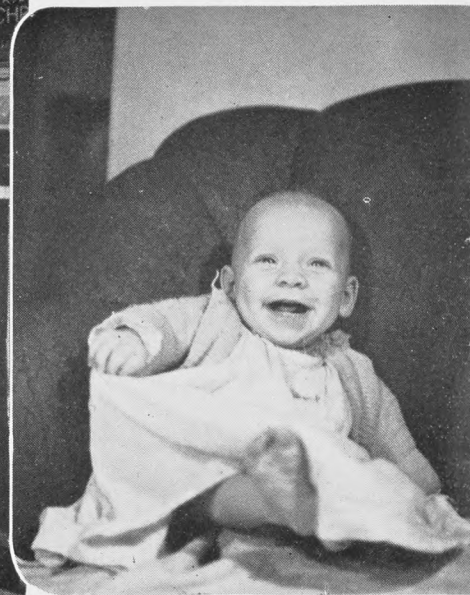
"Flin Flon '27 Club"

THE Old-Timers held their annual celebration on December 3rd when Flin Flon pioneers answered the roll and swapped stories of the old days of long ago.

Of this honourable group, whose membership grows smaller as the years pass, Tom Creighton, Elwood Bachman and Gus Henning have passed on since the last annual meeting.

To this select body, comprised only of those who were here at the time the Company took up the option on Dec. 1st, 1927, our heartiest congratulations and best wishes.





To the Ladies

NORA HENDRICKSON

"Women are silly—they make as much fuss over a bridge prize as a man would over a two-pound trout."

Are You Guilty?



DO you belong in the "Magnifying-Glass Housekeeper" category? Do you magnify the importance of each wisp of dust, cigarette ash, unpolished candlestick? Not that we would for a moment discourage your forthcoming spring-cleaning binge, but it seems to me that Meriane Cimino has something worth thinking about when she claims in her article on the subject that too many women whirl an all-out-of-proportion amount of energy against gnat-sized exasperations. Away from home, these Magnifiers seem normal women. But who wants to visit one in her own home? It's an unpleasant sensation, expecting your heels to be bumped with a carpet sweeper before you can finish making a step; to have the first faint

flick from your cigarette rushed kitchenward like a dead mouse held with tongs.

Some of this pizen-particular housework is a self-indulgent habit, about as necessary as polishing ice-cubes or sweeping the dirt from the vegetable garden. Today's women have too many replaceable possessions to keep each article in a store-fresh condition, at the expense of losing an irreplaceable happy family life.

Naturally, a Magnifier's children go elsewhere for their getting togethers. Young people quickly feel, or miss, human warmth and tolerance in a room. Who wants a party in a window-display atmosphere, where someone's elbow might crease a pillow, or a rug might move a half inch, where a spilled glass would be treated like a flooded cellar, where your jittery dread of messing something is enough to make you act like old Tom

Machloon who threw his specs in the fire and spat in his pocket?

Husbands loathe the feeling that they've been able to create only a dust mop existence for their wives. At resting time in the evening they hate to see anything so big as a woman going 'round and 'round, like that radio tune of a few years back.

A home can have all the heart and soul polished out of it by a Magnifying-Glass Housekeeper.

* * *

I expound a theory that
Fewer folks would be too fat
If they'd just resolve they *wouldn't*
When they say, "I know I *shouldn't*."

* * *

A THOUGHT FOR WIVES

We must take our happiness as it comes, catching us unaware. It is in the fleeting instant, the passing glow, the occasional quiet hour; the sweetness of your baby's smile as you lift him from the crib, the picture of heathy children running from school.

The sound of your husband's voice inquiring, "Where's Mother?" as he sticks his head in the door, the warm comfort of home on a winter day, sunshine on



your garden, birds at dawn, pine trees snow-lighted. All these are happiness and we know it not.—Gladys Rife.

* * *

For a simple, but rich and delicious pie filling try the following. Handy if you have sour cream on hand—if not you can purchase it cheaply by the pint at a grocery store.

"SOUP CREAM RAISIN PIE"

1 cup raisins.	2 egg yolks.
1 cup sour cream.	2 tablespoons flour.
$\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar.	Vanilla.

Cook raisins in small amount of water until tender. Add cream, egg yolks, flour and sugar. Cook until thick.

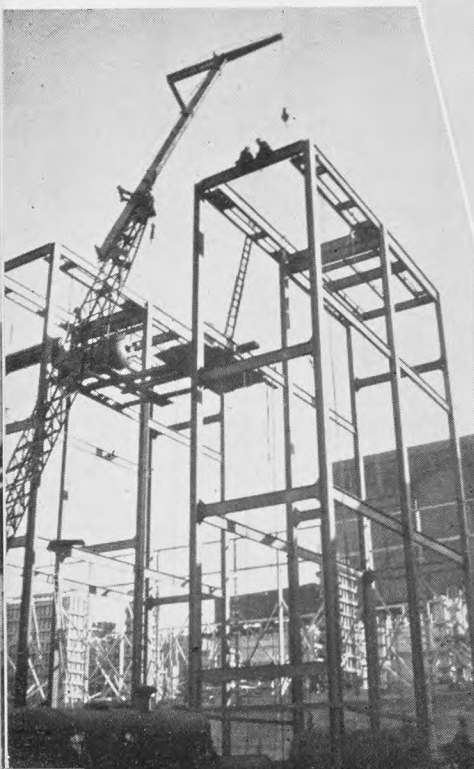
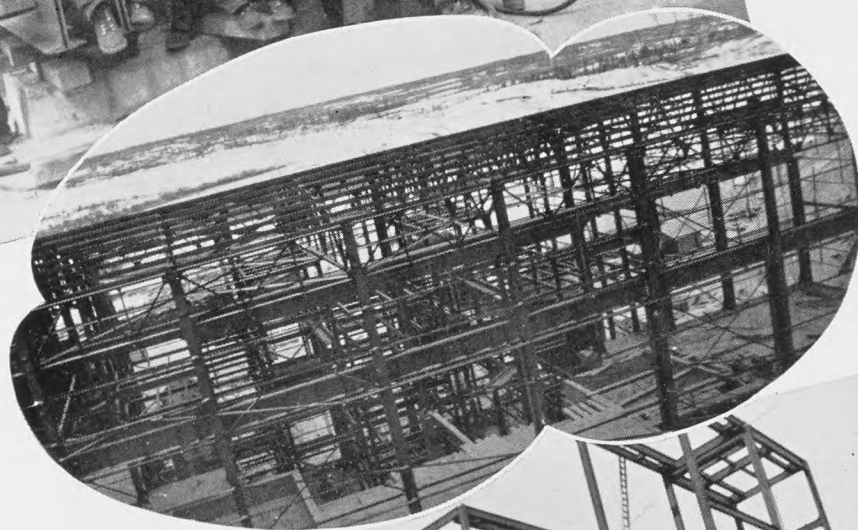
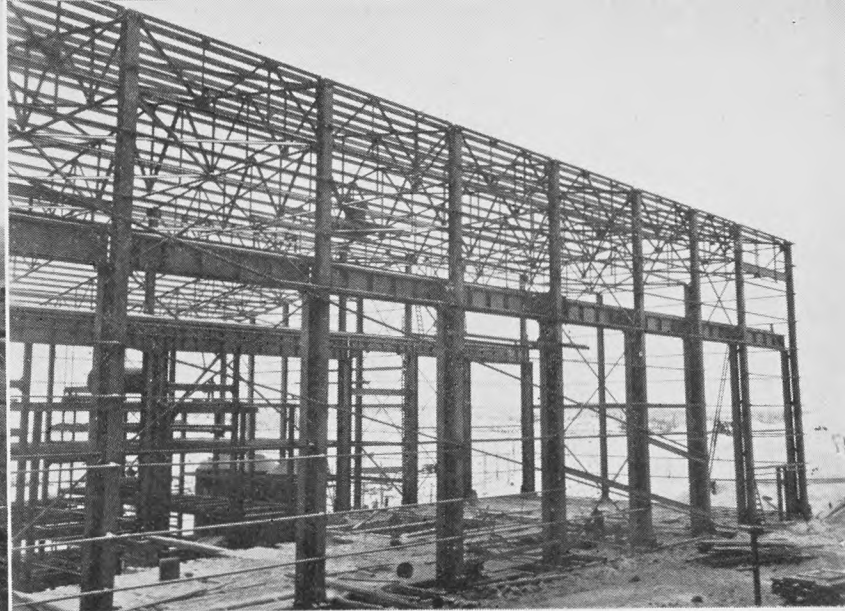
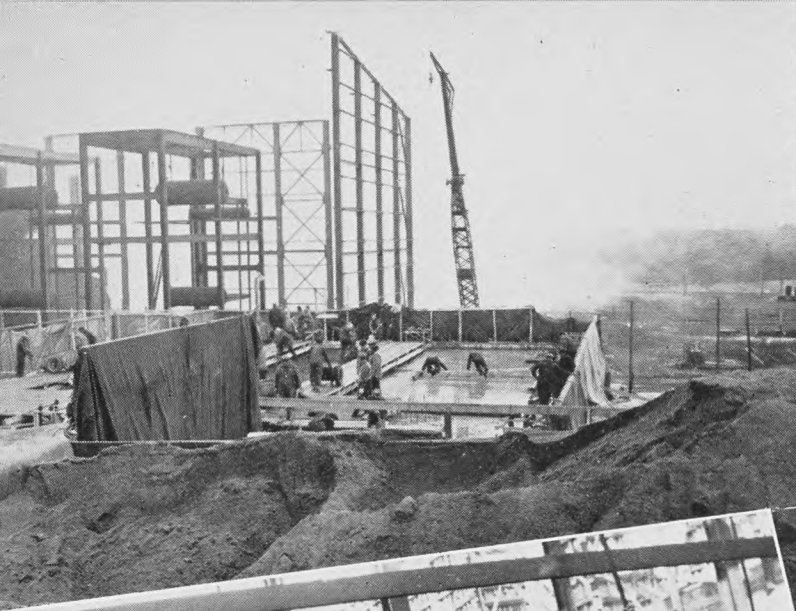
Remove from fire, add extract. Pour into baked pie shell. Make meringue and put in oven.

* * *

"Kissing don't last.
Cookery do."

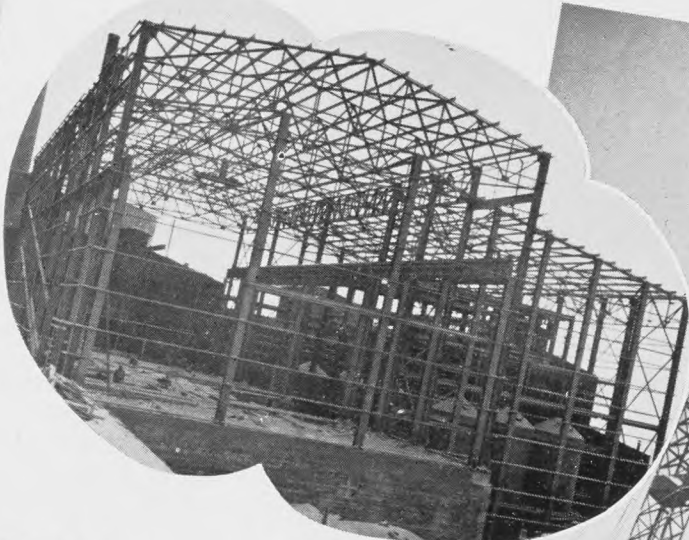
—GEORGE MEREDITH.

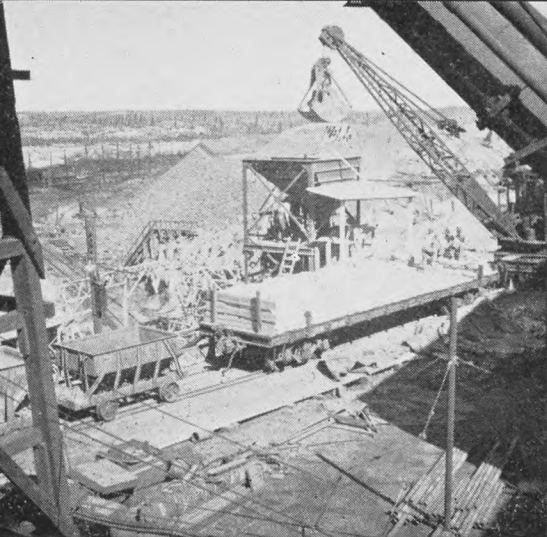




Fuming Plant

The new Fuming Plant, known to us as the P.83 Project, is well under way with all steel-work completed. These pictures make an interesting record of the progress being made on this huge undertaking.

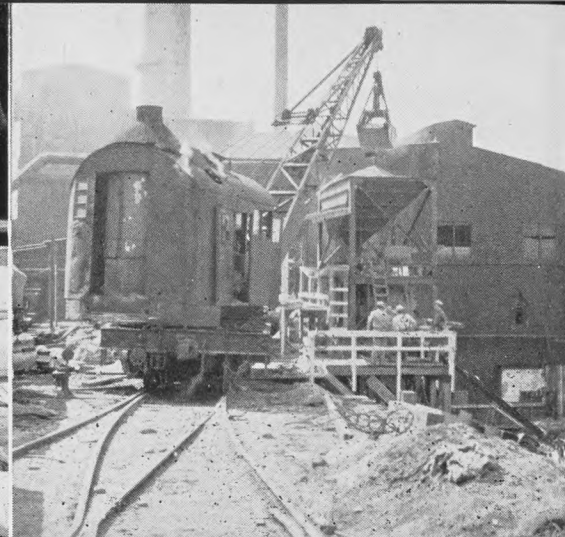




The concrete pouring of foundations for the Fuming Plant was one of our biggest jobs.



Men at work. Paisley, Russell, Barre, McAdoo and Collier.



Browning crane at mixing plant.

SURFACE AND TRANSPORTATION

ROGER FORD

THE 1950 calendar should make us very happy indeed, because it will be noticed that all of the statutory holidays except one, fall on a Saturday or a Monday, making it a double holiday. Jack Hillier became so engrossed in the subject that a practical joking bystander had him convinced that Good Friday also fell on Monday; so much so that he had to look up the calendar to be sure. It is needless to describe the expression on his face when he looked up from the calendar.

The Surface and Open pit held a very successful bonspiel again this year, with sixteen rinks comprising the draw. Top honors were carried off by the Cece Hope foursome, consisting of Dave Watt, Dan McCormick and Pete Fint. In second place in the Main Event was the Cliff Hall rink, with Frank Norquay third, Fred Anderson second and Garner Benson as head. Third prize went to the Al Warrington rink with

Harold Bowman, J. Zoretich and E. Hooper. The Consolation event first prize was taken by John Troughton, skip; W. McAdoo, third; H. Whitehead, second, and Earl Fidler as lead. There was also a second prize in this event which went to the Sonny Hemmings rink, consisting of Glen Crawford, Arnold Mansell and Bill Nowroski. There was a very nice line up of prizes this year, to the value of about \$125.00. For these we are indebted to The White Motor Co. of Canada and The International Harvester Co., both of Winnipeg, Manitoba, and The Marion Shovel Co., along with The P. & H. Corp. of Marion, Ohio, and Milwaukee, Wis. respectively.

We wish to extend congratulations to two newly married couples in this department: Francis Roncin and Irene Webber, married Nov. 26, and Bill Hadubiak to Phyllis Dion, married Dec. 16. To express our wishes and hopes to those newly embarking on the sea of matrimony in simple and worn words, we wish them "Bon Voyage."

Francis and Irene Roncin were married on November 26th.

William and Phyllis Hadubiak on December 15th.



Cece Hope and Bill Maluta stand by with Browning crane.



"Casey" Mills.





Top floor, Zinc Roasters.



Feeding cathode zinc into Casting Plant furnace.

WOODWORKING SHOP

A Carpenter Shop curling match of great importance was played Dec. 17th, 1949, at 5 p.m., between the Ross Lake Unbeatables and the Uptown Gentlemen.

The personnel of the rinks was: Uptown Gentlemen, Mr. A. Ball, skip; Mr. Harry Stevens, third; Mr. M. Carlisle, second, and Mr. Ed Grudgfield, lead. The Ross Lake Unbeatables were R. N. Frederickson, skip; Red Blake, third; Roy Logan, second; Sam Hordy, lead. Mr. Carlisle did the honours by giving Hordy, Logan and Frederickson a swig of cold tea to start with which went down pretty easy, but the disappointed look on their faces afterwards would have stopped a clock.

The score ended with the Gentlemen 14 and the Unbeatables 3.

The star performer was Sam Hordy, who we understand has been approached to enter one of the car 'spiels with Flin Flon's finest. The Uptown rink are of the firm opinion that with ten years consistent training the Ross Lake Unbeatables may make the A square.



Electrolytic cells in Tankhouse.

TANKHOUSE

TOM WILSON

AFTER a long, cold winter we can now look forward to spring again. With the disappearance of the snow and ice will go the hockey talk that took up most of our conversations. During the summer we can discuss the Zinkings and their success. We would like to extend to them all the best wishes for a winning season.

Just one more mention of curling though. Perry McPherson and Bob Fauteux of the Tankhouse took in the Nipawin 'spiel and although they rode the train home they reported a good time.

(Continued on page 38)

Maurice Sawicki wedding group.



Tired of reporting other weddings, Tom Wilson now reports his own.





Want to go Fishing?

Typical native fishing camp on Lac du Brochet.

"Commercial fishing in Northern Manitoba is on the decline. Is it because there are fewer fish, or are the hardships of winter fishing out of proportion to the material gain?"

IT has been our experience that the residents of a community are usually the ones who know the least about the things which make their community famous. There is no lack of pride or the urge to tell the world of the wonders which surround us in the North. For some reason, very few of us know the whole story. The fishing industry in Northern Manitoba and Saskatchewan is a typical example of this. We see the cat-trains arrive during the month of February and hear of the millions of pounds of fish which leave Flin Flon to end up on the tables of gourmets

in New York where whitefish sells at more than a dollar a pound.

Now let us tell the actual story from the beginning.

Ten years ago commercial fishing was practically unknown in Northern waters, and yet the great fishing resources of the provinces of Manitoba and Saskatchewan are concentrated in the North, requiring no planting or cultivation. Their part in the development of the country is important. The fur trade expansion depended upon a readily accessible and easily obtainable food supply, and it was fish that filled

the bill. The myriads of lakes and rivers were the highways, and at almost any point fish were in abundance. To the fur traders, trappers and prospectors, fish provided wholesome protein food. To the native Indians fish was, and still is the only food available at all times of the year.

In Sir John Franklin's narrative of a journey to the shores of the Polar Sea, Sir John Richardson, who spent the winter of 1819-20 at Cumberland House, says, "The principle article of food, after the reindeer, is fish; indeed it forms almost the sole support of the traders at some of the posts." Speaking of whitefish, he writes, "Indian tribes mainly subsist on it, and it forms the principle food at many of the fur posts for eight or nine months of the year, the supply of other articles of diet being scanty and casual. Though it's a rich fat dish, instead of producing satiety, it becomes daily more agreeable to the palate; and I know from experience that though deprived of bread and vegetables, one may live wholly upon this fish for months or even years without tiring."

Reindeer Lake — which lies almost entirely within the province of Saskatchewan — and Wollaston Lake are the biggest sources of the commercial fish being delivered to the railhead at Flin Flon today. Reindeer, with an area of 2,144 square miles was brought into commercial production in 1938. An aggressive organizer and pilot, Archie J. Turnbull formed a company named Northland Fishing and Mining Syndicate, and purchased fish in the vicinity of Flin Flon, principally from Deschambault and Beaver Lakes. Later, Reindeer Lake was included in his sphere of operation and the name of the company changed to the Turnbull Fishing Company. A large trap net was purchased at Lake Erie, Ontario, and was set near Halfway Island. This proved unsatisfactory. The company was plagued with misfortunes, culminating in an aircraft crash in 1938 on the west side of Laurie Lake, near Reindeer, in which Turnbull and a student passenger were killed. Two years later, during the second world war, with increased prices, a full-

scale commercial fishing operation was launched on Reindeer. The Waite Fisheries of Big River did considerable pioneering and were the first company to introduce modern, up-to-date filletting plants. Since then the Saskatchewan Fish Board has built filletting plants at Beaver Lake and Lac la Ronge, which are still in seasonal operation.

Wollaston Lake was not opened for commercial fishing until the winter of 1945-46. It is 768 square miles in area and produces fish of the finest quality. In the summer of 1949, government Canso aircraft transported from this lake 421,306 pounds of fresh fish, an average load being 8,000 pounds.

Reindeer Lake produced its largest poundage in 1944-45 when 2,663,034 pounds of all kinds were marketed with a value of \$471,465.25. There were 228 fishermen engaged in fishing that season. Since then production on this lake has been considerably reduced, due to the difficulty of marketing certain types of whitefish in the United States. More on this point later.

That is the brief history of one of the newest industries of the Northland of Central Canada. But what of the men who are responsible for the production of this staple food commodity? From a total of 228 licensed fishermen in the record winter of 1944-45 on Reindeer, alone, this number has dwindled to approximately 30 for the 1949-50 season. What are the reasons given? We talked to twelve of these men privately and although a dozen different reasons were given by each man, they all agreed that their troubles were more economic than natural. The fish are there;

Louis Myer's fish camp on Reindeer Lake.





Leaving Shorty Laird's camp on North Porcupine Point.

it is the problem of transportation and of market prices and of grading which seems to bother them most. Gone are the days of fishing on any large commercial scale. Now there are no groups of fishermen. We visited four camps where single individuals set their nets and pulled them alone, others where two men worked as a team and some where native Indians were helped by their wives and children.

Transportation is not difficult; though arduous. It is expensive. Market prices are subject to the law of supply and demand, as with any other commodity and nobody can alter that. But in the matter of grading there is bitter feeling. Lakes are classified according to the quality of the fish. In a food market where there is stiff competition there must be close supervision to ensure that the product is of high quality. So far as Reindeer Lake is concerned—which fish, for some reason, has been difficult to export in the last few years—the government has now, in the middle of the fishing season, proposed to reduce the lake to a grade “B” which, of course, will mean a lower price to the producer. The chief complaint of the fishermen at the moment is that the change will affect the price of fish caught this season. “Had we known of such a change, we would have fished other lakes or not at all.” Quite naturally, the men refuse to believe that their product deserves this re-classification. Two men we talked to blame irresponsible fishermen who ship

fish from inferior lakes along with Reindeer Lake fish. Others blame fish-buyers, and one even suggested that the trout from Slave Lake and Athabaska Lake in the North West Territories was being protected at their expense. Whatever merit there might be in their complaints, the fact remains that these hardy men of the North now feel that on top of uncontrollable expenses like air transportation on fresh fish, and tractor freight on frozen fish, they must now suffer the indignity of loss in price through the supposedly lower quality of their product. They are

Shorty has visitors for caribou feed.



Resourcefulness is shown here as pilot Bill Carss and Shorty Laird fashion a tail ski from a snow shovel.

proud of their fish and find it hard to realize that such a reduction is real and not artificial. It is too early to know what the final outcome will be. Meetings will be held presently between the fishermen and representatives of the Canadian and Provincial Governments.

Earlier in this article we called the fishermen a hardy lot. Not only must they be tough, they must be resourceful as well, for they live, of necessity, close to nature, isolated, and under conditions calling for the utmost in moral as well physical stamina. When we dropped down at North Porcupine Point, some 200 miles north of Flin Flon, the ice was rough with snow hummocks, and in landing, the tail ski on the Norseman was torn loose and the assembly broken. The weather was over 50° below zero. Shorty Laird and Vic Farrow, at whose camp we had arrived were on the ice to give us what help they could. A conference in Shorty's cabin resulted in repairs being effected which would enable the aircraft to take off and land with a reasonable degree of safety. Taking a large snow shovel, the handle was removed and the bowl reinforced by wood. At the plane, the broken assembly was removed and the shovel attached with hay-wire. With tail held up by our amateur ground crew, with the engine "revved" up until we could hold on no longer, the plane pulled away and, we learn, landed without mishap at its base some hours later. It can be imagined what the situation might have been away from



help and without means of communication.

Shorty told us of an incident last spring when his partner had the misfortune to dislocate his shoulder. By radio Shorty contacted a mining company's plane en route to Lynn Lake which, by the long arm of coincidence, was carrying a doctor. Following radioed instructions the patient was put back into shape and a painful and costly trip to civilization avoided.

In the scattered cabins of these lonely fishermen—there were but eight of them in a radius of 50 miles—the long winter nights offer little but the radio. With the weather constantly below zero from mid-November until mid-March there is plenty of time to dwell on their grievances, fancy or otherwise. The days are all too short in latitude 58°. Day break comes at 9 to 9:30 a.m. when dog teams must be ready to go to the fishing grounds. Our program one day took us four miles across the open lake at 57° below zero, using two dog

Shovel in position on tail end of aircraft.



"Rev" her up!





Dog teams are essential to cover the long distances to the nets.

teams. On reaching the markers, needle bars were used to reopen the holes through which the nets had been set two days previously. The nets are hauled up gradually and about 15 feet is pulled on the ice at a time. With small hand hooks the fish are removed. The drowned ones, or those whose gills have been closed by the net, are not marketable and are cast aside for use as dog feed. The fresh fish are thrown into separate piles for trout, jumbo white and average white. The fish must then be cleaned or gutted before freezing, a task which is performed by kneeling on the ice and using a sharp knife. They are then placed neatly in rows, close together to prevent curling and to facilitate packing. This is a cold job, and one of the wonders

of this operation is that fishermen never freeze their hands. At work they use woollen mitts and at the first sign of freezing they dip hands and mitts into the open water-hole to thaw them out.

When one net has been emptied it is immediately reset and another started upon. The dogs, used to cold weather, curl up and rest, moving to the next hole unattended at the command of the master. All nets being emptied and reset, the frozen fish are packed on the sled and the journey back to camp is commenced. They need little driving and it is a matter for wonder how the lead dog threads his way around hummocks and over them, some of which are three to four feet high. If there seems to be any question of the road

Reopening hole in four feet of ice to pull nets.



Fishing near shore is not so arduous, but the fish in the open lake are better.



*Gutting Whitefish before they
get frozen.*

*Old and new transportation.
Aircraft brings in supplies
and takes out fresh fish.*

*Government inspector stamps
boxes—"Reindeer Lake."*



to take the leader looks around questioningly for instructions. Back in camp at 3:10 p.m. — the sun having just dipped below the horizon, the dogs are unfastened and tied to their individual kennels and the fish is unloaded and stored in sheds. The dogs are fed once a day at about 6:30 in the evening, their diet being frozen fish only. It is illegal to feed them caribou even though deer is plentiful at certain seasons. In camp there are the usual chores to do; wood to cut, water to carry from the water hole, meals to cook, though the latter are simple in character and consist mainly of bannock, caribou, and, you guessed it — fish!

Fish is packed in wooden boxes which hold about 120 pounds each. Most of the catch is trout with whitefish a close second. Pickerel is scarce. Some trout are large and must have the heads removed to get them in the box. The largest trout on record taken from a net is claimed to have turned the scales at 86 pounds. After being packed the boxes are labelled and placed in rows on the ice where a representative of the Dept. of National Resources stamps them "Reindeer Lake-Manitoba," or Saskatchewan as the case may be. Agents of fish companies may visit and arrange purchase on the ice, or the fish may be placed in the care of a transport swing which makes the 300 mile journey to railhead in five or more days. Cat-trains, as these freight swings are called, travel night and day across lake and portage. This form of transportation needs rugged men and the





Our party received a hearty welcome at this lonely camp, latitude 58°.

Among the varied assortment of freight carried on recent loads were fluorescent lamps for a Royal Canadian Corps of Signals station at Brochet, food, nets, fish boxes and lumber and material for a new school. Some idea of the cost of such a school may be realized when the freighting from the railhead to Brochet is 4c per pound. Brochet being on the rim of the Barren Lands, the timber is so sparse and stunted that the installation of a portable saw-

mill is out of the question. job is risky. Over the years, men and equipment have been lost on treacherous ice. Although the ice is from 3 to 4 feet thick, there are cracks which weaken it, and seldom a winter passes without some hapless driver having to jump for his life as his tractor disappears in 15 to 20 feet of water. The equipment is generally salvaged but there is slight hope of saving cargo.

A typical cat-train will consist of a Diesel tractor with plow, four sleighs each capable of carrying 200 boxes or over ten tons of fish, and a caboose. The crew consists of 8 to 10 men divided into shifts so that there are two men at all times on tractor, which, for safety reasons, has no cab for protection from the sub-zero weather. There's fish to be loaded from the many small camps and a cook provides meals at regular periods during the 24 hour day. Two double bunks permit men off shift to sleep while travelling.

There is no layup time between trips. Even with a long winter the hauling is usually confined to the months of January and February. The trains leave Flin Flon for the Northern trading posts late in January and carry supplies sufficient to carry the traders for a year.

mill is out of the question.

It will be seen that the actual fishing operations described take up only the winter months and cover the production of frozen fish. Summer fishing on a commercial basis does not differ widely in the methods used. The weather is perhaps more favourable and canoes with outboard motors are used for transportation to the fishing grounds. Fresh fish is a problem and careful packing in ice is necessary to avoid spoilation. The only means of getting fresh fish to market is by aircraft and much of the catch is taken to filletting plants in Saskatchewan. Here the fish are carefully inspected for infection which



Trading post, caboose and tractor. The open seat on the "cat" is a safety precaution.



For five days "cat" trains never stop. Part of crew.

Of a ten man crew, two are always on the "cat."



appears in the form of cysts containing worm eggs. By passing the fillets over a glass frame lighted from beneath the cysts are discovered and removed. Attractive packaging in these plants readies the produce for sale to wholesalers and retailers.

The fishing industry may, in the future, become less of an endurance test according to the extent man progresses in his search to produce more with less effort. For the present it remains a job for strong men able to fight the bitter cold and at the same time take the many setbacks he has to face with fortitude.

Provincial Governments are not lacking in their endeavors to improve conditions or to conserve our national resources to the ultimate benefit of the producer and the consumer. The Fisheries Branch in Saskatchewan is already conducting scientific studies of the various



Fresh fish is delivered to plane by bombardier.



Fishing boat at Louis Myer's camp.



Summer fishing has not changed with the years.

Getting nets ready with floats and weights in summer camp.



lakes of that province. In many ways a body of water is like a farmer's field. The number of animals it will support is limited to the amount of food available. If there are too many fish, there will not be enough food and none will thrive. Unlike the farmer the fisheries investigator cannot see what is going on under the water.

Are there too many predators devouring the stock? Is disease spreading? Is there a poor balance in the lake? The answers to these and many more questions must be found by trained researchers who delve into the complex world below the surface of the lake. A hopeful sign of encouragement to fishermen is the appointment of Dr. D. S. Rawson, head of the Department of Biology, University of Saskatchewan, to conduct surveys of our Northern Lakes.

The prairie provinces today are no longer a land of teepees, tents, trading posts and forts; they are huge contributors to the wealth of the Canadian nation. And in Manitoba and Saskatchewan the fishing industry in its infancy awaits only research and development to bring it to its proper place in the world economy.

We are deeply indebted to Mr. A. H. MacDonald, Supervisor of Fisheries of the Saskatchewan Department of Natural Resources for much of the information contained in this article, and to the Saskatchewan Film Board who assisted us with pictures of summer fishing on Wollaston Lake.—Ed.

Natives do most of the filletting in the Saskatchewan government filletting plants.



SPORT FISHING

PERHAPS the most important role of the Fisheries lies in the future. It has been said that Allah does not deduct from a man the days he spends angling. In Minnesota, last year, there were 1,302,590 resident anglers out of a population of 2,792,300. All over America, more people are angling each year and in many places fishing pressure is greater than the supply. Northern Saskatchewan has been referred to as the last frontier and undoubtedly it is one of the few places left in North America where resources have been conserved in their original state. A conservative estimate places the lakes in the North yet to be named at more than one hundred thousand. For the fly fisherman there is the beautiful and graceful arctic grayling. There is an abundance of lake trout, pickerel (Walleye), great northern pike and perch.

Grayling are found in considerable numbers around the shores of our large northern lakes and in many of the tributary streams. Their range extends from the

south end of Reindeer at rocky falls to Wollaston, the Fond du Lac River and the entire McKenzie drainage. At High Rock Lake, one of the headwaters of the Geikie River, they are reported to be abundant at certain times of the year.

For the past two years the Fisheries Branch has been endeavoring to extend the range of the grayling to lakes more accessible to the average angler. Plantings were made into Beaver, Lac la Ronge and Iskwatikan Lakes. Mr. R. W. Davis, manager of the power company at Island Falls, was given some fertilized eggs last year and his success is very encouraging.

In the spring and fall lake trout fishing with light steel rods and twenty pound test lines is exciting sport. On the 29th of June last year one enthusiast caught his limit of seven in seven casts, casting from the rocky shore of Trout Narrows on Wollaston Lake. Later in the season, as the water becomes warmer, the trout are trolled for in deep water.

Commercial Production of Fish

Reindeer Lake, 1938 To Summer of 1949

Year	Whitefish	Trout	Pickerel	Market Value	No. of Fishermen
1937-38	22,960	29,417	1,200	\$ 9,858.60	12
1938-39	31,900	31,900	2,000	11,923.00	8
1939-40	61,982	92,984	2,900	29,307.74	14
1940-41	43,889	88,717	200	25,216.53	23
1941-42	77,372	100,648	1,352	18,851.84	23
1942-43	753,707	692,174	310	229,831.64	120
1944-45	1,096,943	1,549,599	16,492	471,465.25	228
1945-46	607,236	793,067	9,762	227,660.06	192
1946-47	469,707	568,473	16,793	192,566.46	159
1947-48	280,004	393,689	32,699	141,476.31	90
1948-49	161,054	229,868	13,410	75,373.44	42
Summer, 1949	7,464	84,471	2,130	22,738.17	28

(As supplied by Saskatchewan Department of Natural Resources)



*The settlement of
Island Falls.*

ISLAND FALLS

W. SOUTHWORTH



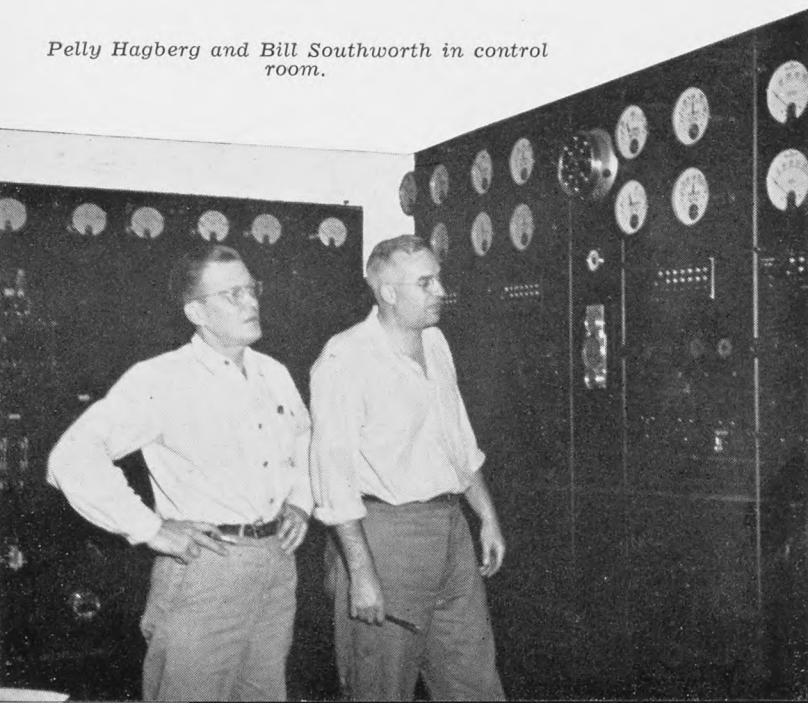
AS a friend remarked the other day, "It's just one round of pleasure after another in this country; we've just polished off the Christmas and New Year festivities and lo and behold it's time to be thinking about packing up for the Trappers' Festival in The Pas. It's hard to beat this North Country and few ever want to."

Our school children staged a fine Christmas concert a week before Christmas. Much credit is due our teachers, Miss Hazel Green and Miss Dorothy Lalond, and also to Mrs. H. Olson and Mrs. W. Hammond who gave so much of their time to the musical and singing features of the

program. The children also deserve a big hand.

The twentieth consecutive New Year's banquet was held in the main community hall on the evening of December 31st. From general comment I feel free to say this was the most successful of them all. Of course, we've been saying that every year since they started. In the neighborhood of 214 people were seated. There were the usual toasts and responses. Many guests were present from other points. Space will permit mention of only a few: Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Roche, Mr. and Mrs. Alex More, and Mr. and Mrs. Bud Jobin, M.L.A., all of Flin Flon; Mr. K. Van Epps, Mr. M. Elliott and Mr. C. Bars of Illinois,

*Pelly Hagberg and Bill Southworth in control
room.*



Mr. and Mrs. Bill Hammond and family.





"A" during stop-log replacement.



Recent addition to southend of plant.

and we felt highly honored to have with us on this occasion, the Hon. T. C. Davis, Canadian Ambassador to China, and Mrs. Davis, and Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Davis and Timmy. The Ambassador favored us with a very enjoyable after dinner speech.

Nurse Yvonne Cross left at the end of the year to take up duties in the Association Hospital in Flin Flon. Miss Florence Fraser is our new camp nurse, arriving from Toronto the last week in December. Miss Fraser's home is in Swan River, Manitoba.

To date this winter we have had two parties of American hunters up this way. Mr. and Mrs. K. Van Epps motored from Illinois right through to Island Falls in a specially built four-wheel drive automobile. These people were our first visitors to motor right through from the United States to Island Falls. Our second party of hunters, namely: C. M. Herringer, J. F. Cedarberg and J. L. Ellinghoe, flew in from Minneapolis. Both parties went north of here and were able to shoot their full quota of barren ground caribou. Local hunters have had very little difficulty bagging the two caribou allowed on each license.

Walter Leslie and his family left here a few days before Christmas, picked up their car in Flin Flon and motored to Minitonas for Christmas. They drove back to Flin Flon a week later and report a fine trip both ways. Good old number ten highway, how times are changing. After spending the summer prospecting in the Yukon, Art "Slim" Lindsay decided it was time for a change, so he took himself off to Jacksonville Beach, Florida, for the Yuletide season. At least three of our boys, Doug. Russell, Bill Grayson and Harry Bailey, plan to take in the Trappers' Festival at The Pas.

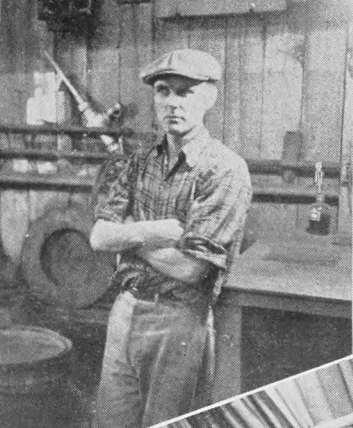
The snowmobile, commonly known as the bombardier type, seems to be ever popular for winter travel in this area. In addition to one operated for several years by the C.R.P. Co., we now have two more being operated by private individuals, Slim Woods and Mathew Noteweyes.

Ice tests made on the lakes between here and Flin Flon on January 9th, indicated 19 inches of excellent ice. The big Linn tractors started north on their first trip the following day. Shieff's Ltd., tractors

(Continued on page 39)

Power Plant from southwest.





Burton Lyle.

RESEARCH DEPARTMENT

KEN BRADLEY



CONVERSATIONALLY, everyone here curls a fine game. So, while I write this column amidst talk of curling, you can read it amidst talk of income tax. Speaking of curling, which we were, the only bonspiel completed at the time of writing was the Office 'spiel, and Don Semple and Paul Kawulka were on the rink which came out on top. It remains to be seen what the rest of the department can do.

Well, Sam Donoghue had his financial status lifted by \$150.00 when his name was drawn from a hat somewhere. Sam still tootles in the orchestra on Saturday nights and one of these issues we'll write a full account on the sax life of S. Donoghue.

John Noel Kirkbride parted company with his tonsils last December and then in January went out to visit a few spectrograph set-ups in the East. New to the Spec. Lab is Gordon Brownridge, who was formerly in the Smelter. Gordon celebrated his 20th year with the Company on December 1st. Henry Schellenberg took in the T.L.C. Convention in Calgary last fall, coming back all decked out in a ten-gallon hat.

Dwight Dahlgren and Bill Duncan were harmonizing in "You're the Flourine of My Heart," while Grant Bragg was having troubles with his garage. After the hectic holiday season great amounts of coffee were consumed, so that a near calamity arose when the price shot away up.

Not wishing to neglect the Mill Lab., I journeyed down there to see what was happening. "Bradley," said Burton Lyle, "there's nothing ever happens down here. We ain't got time for anything but hard work." I let his head fall back on the bench where he'd been sleeping and came back and wrote the column.



Dusan Raychevitch.



Bobby Lau.

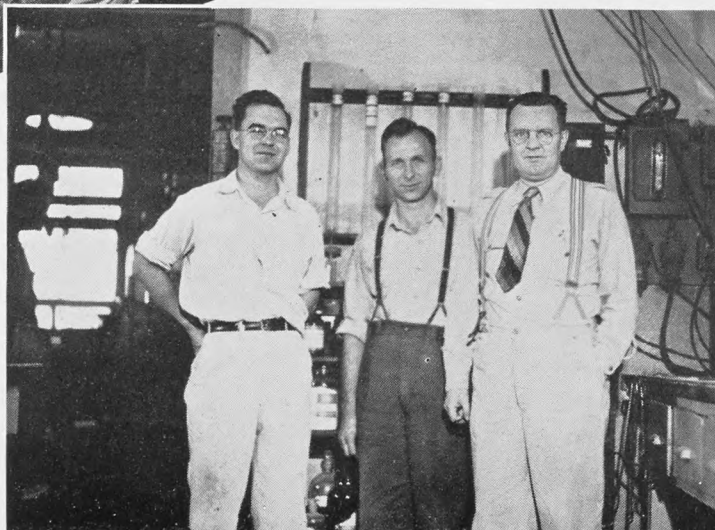


Gordon Brownridge.

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Knechtel.



Isherwood, Dychuk, and Griffiths.



MAIN OFFICE

ON another page can be seen Joyce Guymer, Flin Flon's candidate for Carnival Queen at the annual Trappers' Festival in The Pas. Congratulations to Joyce for her splendid effort to take the crown. She worked very hard and came close to being Her Majesty.

Anna Cook, late of the Pay Office, presented Jimmy with a lovely baby boy on his return from Nipawin where Jimmy was doing his best to bring home another automobile.

Marriages to announce are Lilian Halvorson of the Accounting Department to Tommy Mann of the Electricians, and Betty Wells of Research to Gib Fisher of the Royal Bank.

Mrs. Kay Smith is transferred to the Time Office and Mary Olsen to the General Superintendent's department.

Left us for good are Amy May to Winnipeg, Virginia Iannone to serious household duties, Freda Watts to Dryden, Ontario. To Publications Department has been added Pat Ransom after a refresher course in Winnipeg.

Aleda Eagleton took a belated vacation to the west coast and reports the weather a poor second to that of the prairies. Eddie Carate of Personnel drew a lucky ticket for a trip to the Trappers' Festival. We didn't see him there so take it that he decided to get the money instead.

We would like to be able to report on the winners of the Office Bonspiel since it usually happens that the tyros lick the hide off the experienced curlers who enter this competition just to show the rest of the staff how good they are.

Pauline Law resigned at the end of February, after many years as secretary to our General Manager. She is to marry Bill Dix, of engineering, some time in March.



Tommy Mann's wedding to Lilian Halvorson took place last November.

Kay Smith keeps an eye on I.B.M. tabulator.



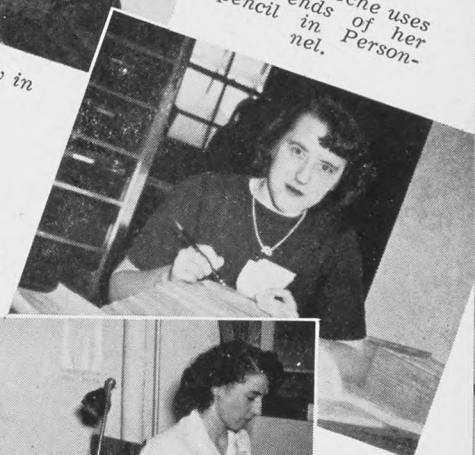
Margaret Reader, Hollerith machine operator.

Vic Howell's job is to see that the Collator doesn't cheat.



Betty Fisher is now in Research Dept.

Elisabeth Roche uses both ends of her pencil in Personnel.



Margaret Reader, Babe McCullum and Jean Simons.





Main Street was decorated for Christmas, as usual.

Round About Town

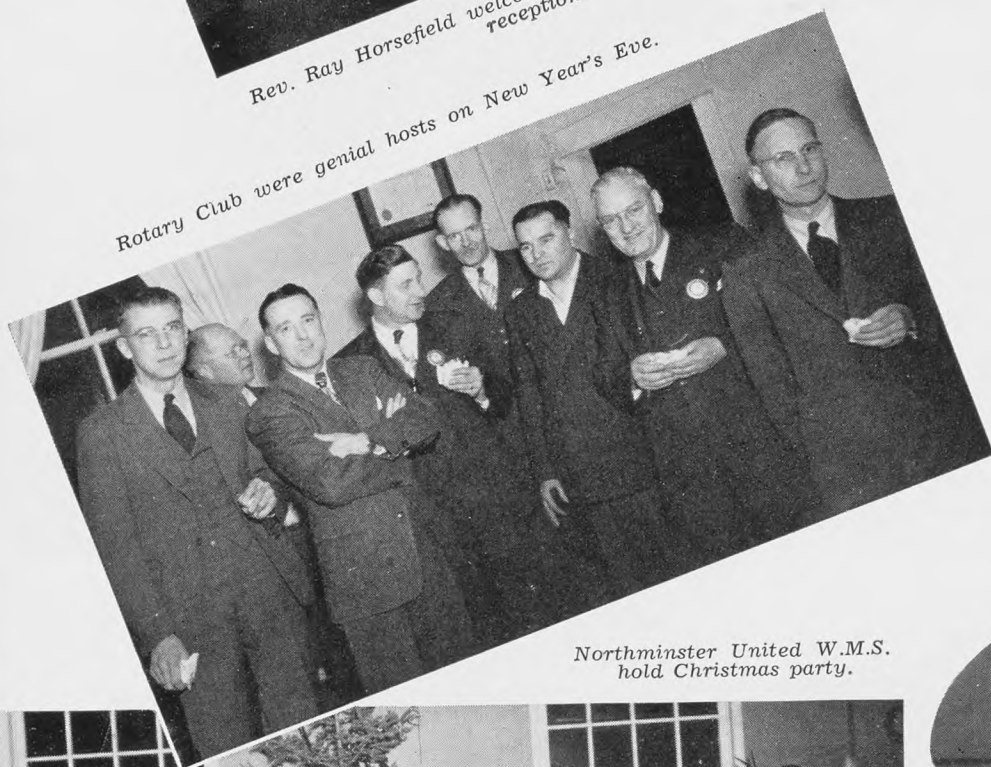
The Cafeteria staff served turkey and plum pudding.



Rev. Ray Horsefield welcomes Dan Forshaw at Rotary reception.



Bud Jobin, M.L.A., has taken his seat in the Legislature.



Rotary Club were genial hosts on New Year's Eve.

Ben Morrison and Mayor Steventon listen to one of "Steves" famous stories.



Northminster United W.M.S. hold Christmas party.

Old-timer Ted Pearson. "Hark! the Herald Angels Sing."



Trades and Labor Council were hosts to Labor Day athletes.



Frank Vandembosch (centre) and Mrs. Vandembosch had a real Christmas party.



The Cowies and Brownridges had Christmas dinner at the cafeteria.
The boys in the dormitories, Christmas Day.



Mavis McNulty and Velda Chisholm admire trophies presented by the T.L.C.

Rev. Father Eginoff, 43 years in the sub-arctic.

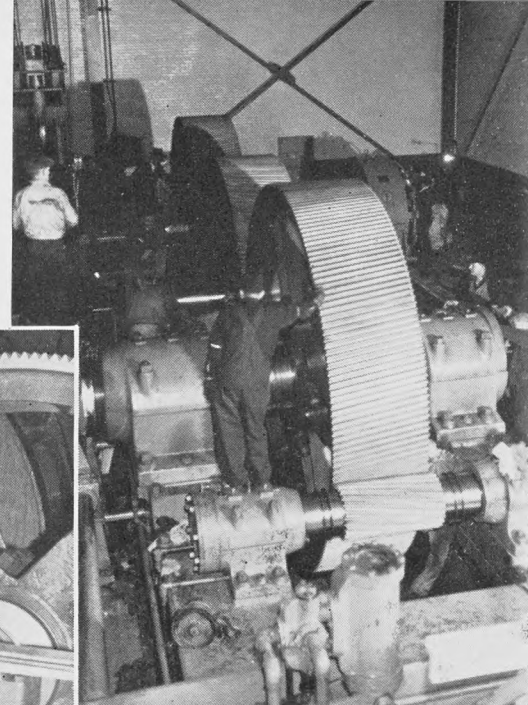
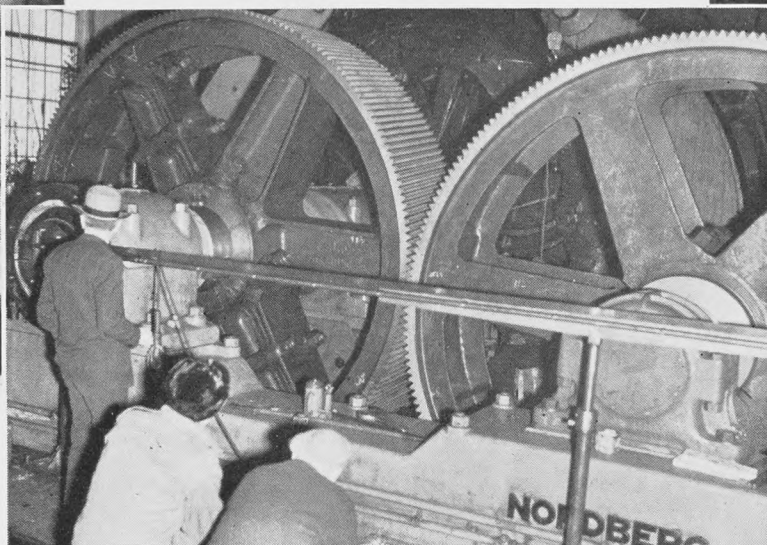




Tense moment at installation of new gears at South Main Shaft hoist.

Foreman Pollock and Johnny Lindsay.

A difficult job nears completion.



MECHANICAL AND CONSTRUCTION

WINTER has gone and what a busy winter in work and play it has been. Supplementing the usual maintenance and repairs, extra work in the construction of the new Fuming Plant and major repairs to the South Main Hoist have kept Construction and Mechanical on the jump. Included are some pictures showing the replacement of large gears, manufactured to Navy standards and installed at South Main Ore Hoist.

A new, up-to-date lathe, capable of handling much of the heavier work, has been added to the Shop department.

Jim Cook and his gang, last year's winners of the automobiles, again clicked and brought home second prize in the fourth event this year.

Gordon Sorette and A. Christianson from the Boiler Shop, and Bob MacGowan of Transportation, are now with the Riggers. We are glad to see Bill Hall back on the job recovered from his illness.

Jean Young recently returned from an extensive trip to Toronto, Montreal and New York. She reports attending some outstanding shows and getting new ideas for the Glee Club.

Planning for holidays, beach cottages and projected trips, are the main interests of the spring season. Steve Clay, Pat Delgatty, Wilf Forsyth, Mel Hill, Andy Robertson, Serge Richer, Eddie Stenbeck and A. Christianson will soon be at Big Island for the summer and others will be at Baker's Narrows and Beaver Lake.

SMELTER DEPARTMENT

FORREST E. GREEN

THE Smelter Xmas Tree was a real success again this year, and a great deal of credit is due the boys in charge of the arrangements. Santa arrived at 3:30 p.m. and after a very appropriate address by Mr. Ambrose, the draw for the turkeys, chickens, hams and bacon, etc., took place. There were apples, nuts and smokes for

everyone, and a good time was enjoyed by all.

Again at this time of year, curling is the main item of interest. The Smelter boys have a square draw for each shift and games are played at Ross Lake. Needless to say this causes a great deal of con-

(Continued on page 39)

WINNIPEG OFFICE

JUNE LONG



HI FOLKS! Here's hoping you are all enjoying that Happy and Prosperous New Year we wished for you.

Hats off to Mr. Ayre and Mr. Blake for the really grand Christmas party. All were enjoying themselves at the time I left, but I'm afraid having to catch a ten o'clock train cut me out of some of the fun, and, no doubt, some very interesting items for the magazine. Shirley Clint showed her prowess at making up place cards which lent the festive air to our beautifully laid table. Congratulations, Shirley! Also thanks to "the rest of us"—from those at the party for the beautiful roses. The punch and hors d'oeuvres were all that anyone could ask for—and more—and the dinner was excellent. Stu and Buck seemed to favor the really salty, fishy hors d'oeuvres—as far as I could "taste." Guess they wanted to develop a good thirst for the evening. A goose that laid "marbles" was delivered via messenger to Roy Enman from a gal named "Mabel". (Shhhh! She's the skeleton in our closet.) We even had Santa Claus in person—must remember you for that role in the future, "Willie." A sing-song and some dancing finished off the very enjoyable evening and everyone went home, I hope! From reports, I understand that C. O. had a rather greenish tinge about him the next morn, in fact Horace couldn't quite distinguish his face from the greenish wall behind him. Must have been something he ate.

Another member of the staff—Bill Tindall—fell to the sharpness of Cupid's arrow at Christmas. Our "Willie" has got himself engaged. Tsk! Tsk! After all the warnings you got from the boys too, Willie! They must have been so busy planning that party they neglected you just too long—or maybe I should say—just long enough, eh?

After educating our friend Glenys into the art of profanity, the accounting boys decided to charge her a penny for every word uttered. Nice going, boys, if you can get away with it, but don't forget Glenys, cigarettes went up in price a penny per package and why should you pay the extra on their smokes?

The boys manage to get in their odd curling game,—pardon me, I mean the odd game of curling, and I believe they managed to get the upper hand of their worthy opponents, "Miller Macs," on one occasion.

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Santa advises Moira against such big "seegars."



Glenys McKenzie gets confidential with Santa in full view of Ed Rummery and Margie Robertson.

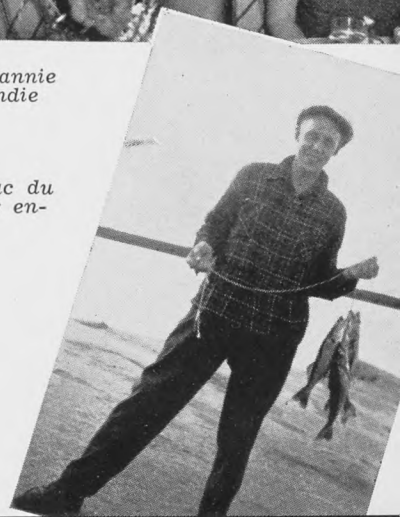


Whatever it is, it must be good!



Stu Hayward, Wannie Mitten and Blondie Cook.

Bill Tindall at Lac du Bonnet, before his engagement.





Pipers Stewart and Kirkwood pipe in the haggis borne by Scotty Donald.



Peter McSheffrey delivers the Address to the Haggis.



Historic dirk, a Scottish relic owned by Bill Kirkwood is plunged into the haggis.



The chieftain of the Puddin' race is presented.

"BURNS' NIGHT 1950"

THE memory of the immortal Bard was honoured in traditional style by local Scots, gathered together on the evening of January 25th.

Pipers Stewart and Kirkwood, supported by Patricia Lowe and Reita Grey in highland costume, piped in the haggis borne by Scotty Donald. Burns' famous "Address to the Haggis" was delivered by Peter McSheffrey who plunged an historic dirk into the chieftain of the puddin' race.

Two hundred proud Scots did justice to a truly national supper and the evening was highlighted by an inspiring address by Rev. Neil K. Campbell of The Pas who thrilled his listeners. Appropriate entertainment of true Scottish origin rounded out an evening long to be remembered in Flin Flon.

*O wad some Power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as ithers see us!
It wad frae mony a blunder free us,
An' foolish notion:
What airs in dress an' gait wad lea'e us
An ev'n devotion!*

(To a louse—on seeing one on a lady's bonnet at church).

TANKHOUSE

(Continued from page 19)

Only one gentleman passed cigars lately. On December 10th Mr. and Mrs. George Struch became proud parents of a baby boy.

After spending three months in the Changehouse, Roy Sheppard returned in January to his usual job of stripping. He had the misfortune to break his hand. After a long convalescence Marko Kasomovic is back in the Rubber Plant.

We are watching the new sections slowly being put into the semblance of a tankhouse, and a number of us are waiting to take our places among the ranks of the strippers.

Rev. Neil K. Campbell inspired his listeners with the story of the Immortal Bard.



WATCHMEN'S DEPT.

F. STEWART

THE Weather Man has not been very kind to us this last week or two with the mercury at 40 below most of the time, but it keeps the members of this department pretty well at home after shift.

According to statistics it is in order to congratulate one of our members and his wife, namely, Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Bryson who are rejoicing over the birth of a daughter born December 28th. We wish you well, Dan, and hope you are not losing too much sleep at night walking the floor. We appreciated the cigars.

Sorry to report that our chief, S. G. Woods, is still on the sick list; however, he is at home and improving every day, so we hope to see him back in harness soon.

Most of the members of this department reported a very quiet Xmas and New Year's, the only complaint being rheumatism. A couple of the fellows were sick a few days with flu but are now back on the job again.

The ravens have not been so noticeable around the plant this last month or so. It is possible that they think it impossible for two of our members to grow enough hair on their tops to line a nest; but, ask Burton and Hogan, they have the answers.

PICTURE CREDITS

Our front cover is a Publication Dept. photo depicting a northerner fishing for food rather than for sport. It was 45° below zero at the time.

The dog team on the inside front shows a fisherman on Reindeer Lake about to leave camp for his fishing grounds four miles out.

On the inside back cover will be seen another well known northern character, "Caribou Bill," who handles one of his most treasured possessions, a .45 Colt given to him by Buffalo Bill in the dim past.

Photo by Ted Tadda.

ISLAND FALLS

(Continued from page 31)

left here the same day for Flin Flon to load supplies for their far northern post at Lac du Brochet, Manitoba.

A new northern publication has appeared, the Sandy Beach Reporter. This bi-monthly is edited by the teachers of the Sandy Beach school across the river from Island Falls at the Indian settlement. We would like to congratulate the teachers, Mr. J. H. Goertzen and Miss S. A. Nicholls, on the efforts they have put forth to produce this very interesting paper. Long may it continue to be published. We are anxiously awaiting the next issue.

SMELTER DEPARTMENT

(Continued from page 36)

troversy and that little word "if" really gets used a lot when they start to replay the games.

The Smelter 'spiel has just got started and we have 27 rinks this year. It seems to get bigger every year and that's the way we think it should be.

Clarke Hume attended the Saskatoon Auto 'Spiel as a member of brother Pete's rink, and came home with a very fine case of silverware. He also came home with a bad knee which has hindered him in his regular curling. Here's hoping it mends soon so he can get in the roaring game again.

Eddie Longmore took a rink to the Nipawin 'spiel and reports a very fine 'spiel and a good time, even though he did not reach the prizes.

One of our old-timers, Gordon Brownridge, transferred to the Research Department. Gordon started in the Smelter on November 30th, 1929, and was on the copper crane in the Bedding Bins when he transferred to Research.

Congratulations and best wishes of this department go to Darrell and Mrs. Johnson, who were married in December.

We are pleased to note that Russ Milton has been transferred to the Smelter payroll. At the present time Russ is confined to the hospital and we wish him a speedy recovery.

POEMS, PUNS AND PHILOSOPHY

A man's reputation is a blend of what
his friends, enemies and relatives say be-
hind his back.

* * *

Daffodils,
That come before the swallow dare,
and take
The winds of March with beauty.
William Shakespeare.

* * *

A small boy's head bobbed up over the
garden wall and a meek little voice said,
"Please Mrs. Black, may I have my
arrow?"

"Certainly, where is it?"
"I think it's stuck in your cat."

* * *

CONVERSATION

Conversation is but carving;
Give no more to every guest
Than he's able to digest;
Give him always of the prime,
And but a little at a time;
Give to all but just enough,
Let them neither starve nor stuff,
And that each may have his due,
Let your neighbor carve for you.

Sir Walter Scott.

* * *

Teacher: "What are all these quotation
marks on your examination paper?"

Willie: "Courtesy to the boy on my
right, sir."

* * *

Nature is wonderful. A million years
ago she didn't know we were going to
wear spectacles, yet look at the way she
placed our ears.

* * *

Grocer: "You want a pound of ochre?
Is it the red ochre for painting bricks?"

Small Boy: "Now! It's tappy ochre what
ma makes puddin' with."

SPRING

See where surly Winter passes off,
Far to the north, and calls his ruffian
blasts:

His blasts obey, and quit the howling hill,
The shattered forest and the ravished vale;
While softer gales succeed, at whose kind
touch,
Dissolving snows in livid torrents lost,
The mountains lift their green heads to
the sky.

James Thompson.

* * *

Mother: "Son, I hope your room-mate at
Prep School doesn't swear."

Son: "Judge for yourself, Mother. The
other night he stubbed his toe in the dark
and shouted, 'Oh, the perversity of inani-
mate objects!'"

* * *

Man's train of thought too often carries
no freight.

* * *

A mother was enrolling her six-year-old
son in kindergarten. The teacher, follow-
ing the usual formula, brought out her
records and began to ask questions:

"Does the boy have any older brothers?"

"No."

"Younger brothers?"

"No."

"Younger sisters?"

"No."

At this point the lad, who had grown
increasingly unhappy and self-conscious,
put in a wistful word. "But," he said de-
fensively, "I've got friends."

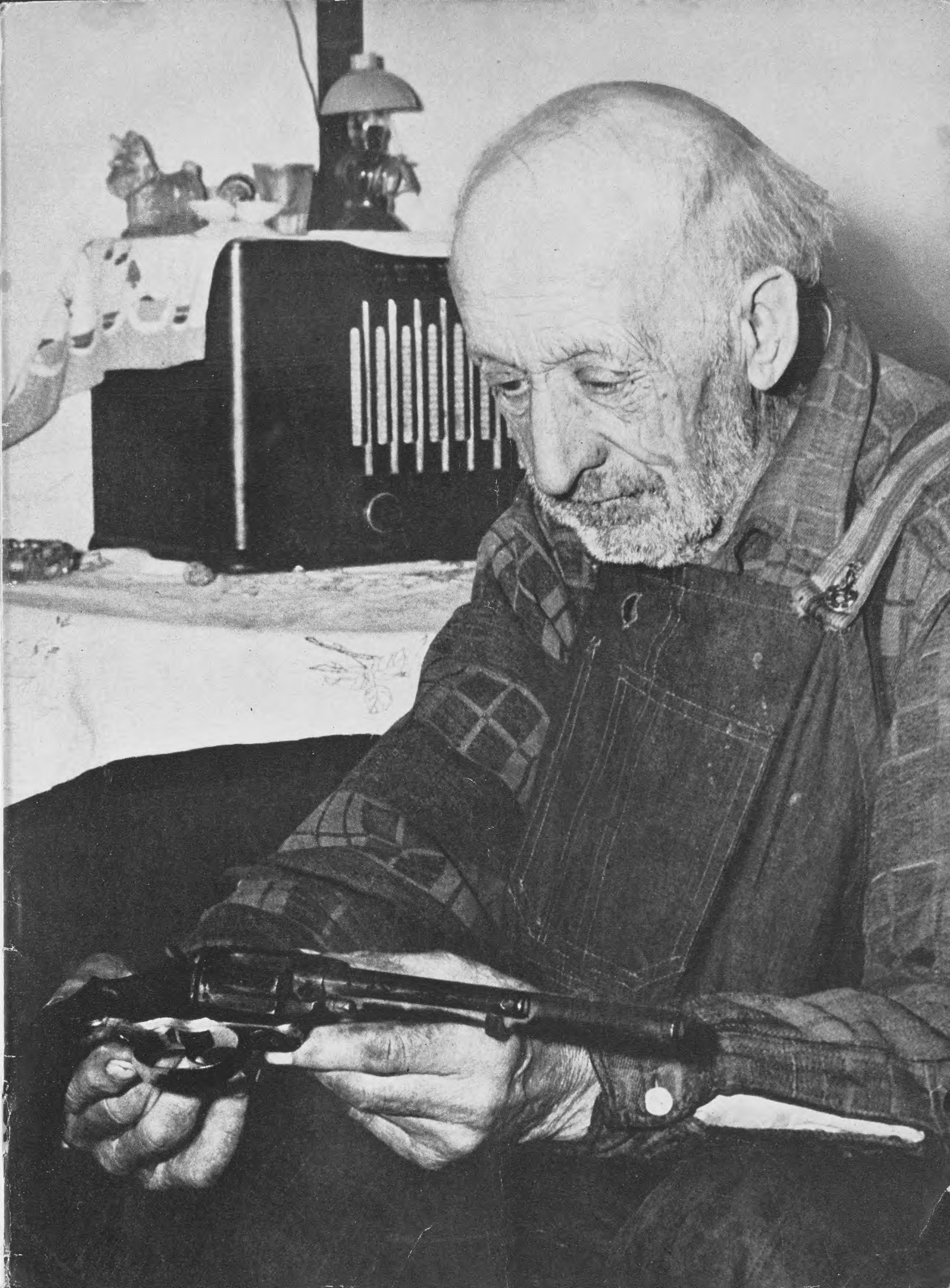
* * *

The greatest mistake you can make in
this life is to be continually fearing you
will make one.

* * *

"Now, boys and girls," said a teacher,
"I want you to be very still—so still that
you can hear a pin drop."

For a minute all was silent. Then a little
boy shrieked out, "Let 'er drop!"



You are richer today than you were yesterday
... if you have laughed often, given something,
or forgiven even more, made a new friend today,
or made stepping-stones of stumbling-blocks;
if you have thought more in terms of "thyself"
than of "myself," or if you have managed to
be cheerful even if you were weary ... You are
richer tonight than you were this morning ...
if you have taken time to trace the handiwork
of God in the commonplace things of life, or if
you have learned to count out things that really
do not count, or if you have been a little blinder
to the faults of friend or foe: You are richer
if a child has smiled at you, and a stray dog has
licked your hand, or if you have looked for the
best in others, and have given others the best in
you.

... Old Scrap Book.